

Good Morning 329

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

WHAT'S THE REASON FOR ALL THIS

"BAIL BUSINESS?"

(Asks J. M. Michaelson)

THEY started to come to Britain as long back as January, 1933. It was then that Hitler came into power. Einstein went to New York. Famous writers, poets, artists—all followed the same way—westwards to freedom.

But, many that came to this country, that went to the United States were not famous; but they were skilled, useful citizens. And, to-day, thousands of those who fought Hitler and what he stood for when others stood back and tolerated, or even admired him—they, the small, persecuted men of Europe are playing a significant part in the battle against tyranny.

In this article to-day, Captain Martin Thornhill, M.C., tells you briefly what this means to us all.

THE accused was remanded on bail...

Bail crops up in numerous reports of court proceedings. The promise, "I'll go bail for you," is often made in ordinary conversation when someone is urging on another a particular course of action.

Generally this means "I'll stand by you and back you up," but this is not at all the meaning of "going bail" for a friend in a police court.

Very few people, in fact, know what going bail involves, and even those who have gone bail for a friend

who has had the misfortune to be arrested sometimes do not fully realise the obligation they have undertaken.

It is an axiom of English law that an accused person shall be given his liberty pending trial, unless there is very good evidence that he is likely to abscond.

When one or more persons go bail for a friend it means that they undertake to produce him at the place and on the day appointed for trial or the further hearing of his case.

The court, in fact, hands the accused over from the custody of the police to the custody of the persons going bail for him.

That the custody is a very real thing is shown by the fact that the persons going bail, if they suspect their charge is thinking of escaping, may re-seize him and hand him back to the court, who will then release them from their guarantee.

In practice, it is extremely rare for anyone going bail to do this.

BENEFITS OF BAIL.

To prove their good faith, the persons going bail must give sureties, which will be forfeit if they do not produce the accused as directed. Here, again, it is very rarely that people in England do not surrender to their bail and sureties are forfeited.

The whole system of bail works extremely well, and saves the great majority of people held for any but the most serious offences spending days, weeks, and even months, in prison awaiting trial.

Should bail be granted, and if so, in what sums? This is the problem the magistrate has to decide in consultation with the police when remanding an accused person.

In certain cases he has no option but to refuse bail.

It is never granted in murder cases, and rarely in the case of the most serious felonies.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

There are still in England a number of Peculiar People, a religious sect who believe it is sinful to call in medical aid for the sick, prayer being sufficient to bring about a cure. Since the sect was founded in London in 1938 a number of Peculiar People have been charged with manslaughter and some imprisoned.

Fifty-nine commissioners, or regicides as they were called, signed the death warrant of Charles I.

Einstein's theory of relativity is based on the hypothesis that the interval of space between two objects and the interval of time between two events are not absolute, but relative, and have different values for different observers.

When the charge is treason, the only person who can give bail is a Secretary of State or a Judge of the King's Bench Division, who also decides appeals against a refusal to grant bail.

The decision whether or not to grant bail really depends only upon the likelihood of the accused person appearing for trial if released.

But the police may oppose bail on the ground that they are afraid he may tamper with witnesses, or perhaps repeat the assaults or crimes of which he is accused.

A magistrate also would not give bail where the accused person has pleaded guilty and is being remanded for further inquiries.

Generally, in the matter of bail, the magistrate is the prisoner's friend. The police naturally tend to be cautious, for they have considerable responsibility. There is often something of a friendly battle between magistrate and police.

The accused person who is reported by the police to have no money and no fixed abode does not stand much chance of getting bail.

IS HE WORTH IT?

The police sometimes object to the people going bail, suggesting they are not "worth" the sum mentioned. They may be questioned on oath about their means.

Occasionally an indignant man produces the money in hard cash just to show he is worth it! In a London police court not long ago, a man going bail produced £750 to prove he was worth this sum.

The magistrate examined the bonds carefully and said, "You'd better be careful. The last man who produced £750 lost it."

On the other side of the picture we find modest people in trivial cases reluctant to admit they are worth £10, perhaps fearing they might have to produce it immediately in cash.

Anyone who is a householder is generally recognised as being worth at least this modest sum—clothes and furniture would cover it.

But, as one woman being questioned about being worth £10 said, "My furniture is on hire-purchase." "What about your clothes—surely they are worth £10?" asked the clerk. "I don't think so, sir," was the reply, "and in any case I don't want to lose them."

The amount of bail may rise to some thousands in important cases where the people involved are wealthy. It has to be large enough to act as a real deterrent against "skipping."

Bail may be given to a person arrested on a minor offence by the officer-in-charge of the police station.

In this case the arrested person will give the names of friends whom he thinks might go bail; the police will get in touch with them, examine them briefly at the station on their means, and if everything is satisfactory, take their promise to produce the accused in court, reminding them that if they don't they will forfeit the £10 or whatever it may be.

When a ship is "arrested," it is possible for people to go bail for it so that it may not be held up pending the trial of the action.



Shop Talk

(And here's Ron Richards talking it with C.P.O. George Greer, D.S.M.,

at Buckingham Palace Gate)

TWENTY-FOUR-year-old LIEUT. A. A. DUFF, D.S.C., R.N., tells this story of the craziest trip of his career.

H.M. Submarine "Stubborn," making her second successful convoy attack on the patrol, torpedoed two of a convoy hugging the Norwegian coast. The convoy was escorted by four trawlers, a minesweeper, and another patrol vessel. The first lot of depth charges didn't worry them much, but the large number which came down in the next fifteen minutes were much too close.

"Our after hydroplanes were jammed at hard-dive, the starboard propeller was put out of action, and a tank which is used for quick diving was inadvertently flooded.

"We went whistling down, and were dangerously deep before I could pull up by blowing the main ballast and regain trim by rushing all hands aft to bring up the bow.

"Then, for some unknown reason, the submarine rose to the surface. Then we went into another steep dive.

"We corrected the trim, with most of the crew placed forward this time, and with her bow up at an angle of 25 degrees she was headed to make a rush through the minefield.

"We got along like that for a time, until the rate of rise got out of control and we broke surface again. This time we dived with the utmost speed, and went down and down, out of control. The ultimate figure on the depth gauge was passed, the needle stuck, and we were still going down. And here the guardian angel stepped in and provided an entirely unexpected sea bottom.

"More depth charges were dropped close, so that the boat was lifted off the bottom.

"Stubborn" was firmly stuck on the sea bed, but after a long struggle she was freed, and shot to the surface at an angle of 70 degrees.

"But the ordeal was not over. On the following afternoon the rudder failed, and we lay helpless in a gale."

Two destroyers which came to the rescue had to wait six hours before they could get a towline made fast.

Eight hours later the tow parted.

And "Stubborn" sailed under her own power for 300 miles before she was again taken in tow and brought home—without a casualty.

failing that, will get a local correspondent to go searching. Sure do hope this gal's going to be worth it.

PROOF that my good friend and colleague photographer Keyhole Nixon is not always asleep is the picture herewith. Knowing submariners, and P.O.s in particular, to be camera-shy, and fearing that the chance of recording the occasion of the award of the D.S.M. to C.P.O. George Greer might be missed if permission were asked, he shot us from under the arm of a representative of the law. Pretty good of the sailor, don't you think?

REPRESENTATIVE crews from H.M. Submarines "Unruffled" and "Unrivalled" met at Buckingham Palace recently.

They got some medals and went to the "Bag o' Nails" to make them rusty.

Lieut. J. R. Stevens, R.N., D.S.C., and Lieut. H. B. Turner were the respective skippers. I also recognised P.O. Joe Lewis, of London, L.S. Donald Stephens, of Abergavenny, L.S. C. B. Howells, of Ramsgate, and A.B. Stanley Powell, of Ipswich.

THE Commander and some of the crew of "Unrivalled" later called at a school, where the children assemble once a week to pray for the submarine's success and safety.

"Unrivalled" has been unofficially adopted by the school, Star Road L.C.C., West Kensington. The scholars send sweets, games and books.

Some of the crew took the scholars two crates of sweets from their rations, and Lieut. H. B. Turner, D.S.C., presented to them a replica of "Unrivalled's" crest and a Jolly Roger.

Ron Richards

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

These, too, aid our freedom

GERMANY will discover that her Nazi-inspired policy deprived her of several powerful weapons of scientific warfare, as well as many of the vital sinews of peace.

Soon after discovery of U-235 (science's name for the new chemical twin of uranium), German researchers were ordered to drop all other work and devote their entire energy to developing the new discovery.

It was easy to understand why; the new substance is expected to be a source of more energy than any known element.

The power potential of a single pound is equal to 5,000,000 lbs. of coal or 3,000,000 lbs. of petrol. If U-235 should be isolated in sufficiently large quantities it may yet exert a definite influence on the outcome of the war.

The man whose experiments led to the finding of the scientific marvel is a German researchist—Dr. Lise Meitner—whom Hitler himself exiled from Germany. Since then Meitner has been in America, at the disposal of Germany's enemies.

Another refugee from Nazi tyranny is Dr. Iadislav Marton. Dr. Marton has invented the electron microscope, which magnifies 20,000 times.

It is making possible scientific precision and investigation that are undoubtedly influencing the war in our favour.

Nazi persecution and race hatred began to take shape before the outbreak of war. A great many fugitives went to Canada, where they are prospering, and many are likely to remain, to the permanent benefit of the British Commonwealth.

It was the expert knowledge of a band of scientific agriculturists escaped from Germany that set going a sugar-beet industry on the Continental model.

Czech Bata Shoe Co. makes armament precision gauges in Ontario, where there is also a thriving refugee fine-silk industry from Hungary.

Bohemian glassware, formerly made only in that country, and renowned the world over, is being turned out in an Ottawa factory under the eye of the Bohemian experts who made it at home. The world fur market has been transferred from Leipzig to London, where British business men are likely

(From Capt. Martin Thornhill, M.C.)

to see that it remains after the war.

Ever since the Middle Ages Britain has given generous asylum to refugees from war, and the policy has been a wise one, for some of our most paying industries were founded and financed by fugitives from persecution.

The massacre of the Huguenots in France laid the foundations of Britain's world supremacy in textiles. In a few years 80,000 Frenchmen had transferred their homes, money and industries to Britain.

It was these same fugitives who established the British silk-weaving industry, as well as those of furriery, glass-polishing, surgical instrument manufacture, hat-making (till then a trade secret that had never left France. Prosperity came swiftly, and the exiles voluntarily contributed £2,000,000 towards the expenses of their settlement.

Long before the Huguenots came to us there had been a steady flow of arrivals from the oppressed races in the Netherlands. Flemish wool merchants were encouraged to come here with their families. They taught us how to make wool with our own cloth, established the clothing trade all over East Anglia, brought new ideas to the trades and industries of linen, cotton, paper, glass, agriculture and interior decoration.

It's a long story, this saga of refugee industry in Britain. The Bank of England was itself modelled on the system introduced by settlers from Holland.

We owe a lot to Dutch immigrants. A submerged Fenland "continent of 400,000 acres" was reclaimed by a Dutchman—Cornelius Vermuyden, who was knighted for his work. Reclamation of Canvey Island was the work of Dutch engineers. The early brewers were Dutch. The present English dyeing industry was founded by Kepler and Bauer, Dutchmen. Dutch craftsmen became our early potters, tile and porcelain makers. From Holland came our root crop cultivation, gardens and allotments.

And now it is happening all over again.

QUIZ for today

1. Quintic is a mathematical term, astrological figure, alchemist's sign, drug, essence at one-fifth strength?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: 26, 34, 42, 52, 64, 74, 86?
3. For what did Esau sell his birthright?
4. What is the difference between (a) a metre, (b) a meter, (c) a meteor?
5. Who is meant by "Charlie" in the song, "Charlie is My Darling"?
6. What do you understand by "Unjacketed S.A.A."?
7. Who is Commander-in-Chief of the W.A.A.F.?
8. What famous film star shaved off his moustache when he joined the American Army, and why?
9. What is the weight of a Rugby football?
10. Who discovered vaccination?
11. What is (a) a cicatrice, (b) a cockatrice?
12. Asbestos cloth is animal, vegetable, or mineral?

Answers to Quiz in No. 328

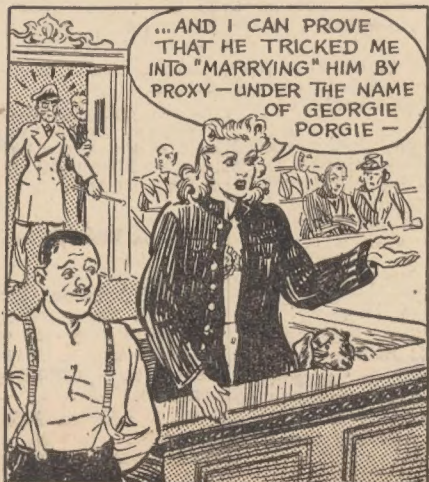
1. Native of Madagascar.
2. 36 is not divisible by 7; others are.
3. Beethoven.
4. Milton.
5. Cain.
6. Royal Horse Guards.
7. Trumpet.
8. "Gone With The Wind."
9. Golf.
10. E.
11. Panama Suez has no locks.
12. About 88.



Customer: "I'd like to see a pair of corsets to fit me."
Shop Assistant: "So would I, madam."

A man there was, tho' some did count him mad,
The more he cast away, the more he had.
John Bunyan.

JANE



Pybus recalls the Sugar counter

The Sea-green Grocer

By JASPAR POWER

PART XVI

"YOU seem to know a lot about ships, miss," commented the grocer; somehow they had fallen into step, and were strolling along the street together.

"My father was a sailor," explained Miss Pereira simply. "He was an admiral, and came from London. My mother comes from Glasgow, where her brother is a bishop. Where were you going to in Kidderpore?"

"Nowhere," stammered the non-plussed grocer, not daring to mention Liverpool Billy to his well-connected companion. "Where was you going yourself?"

"I was going to the Alcazar to see 'Ghetto Rose'! Don Burnup and Lily La Goujatte feature, and it's for adults only. I've been told I'm Lily's double," she went on, tilting her head coquettishly. "Do you think she's like me?"

"I've never seen her, that I know of," answered the grocer tactfully, "but I expect she is. What about you and me both seeing the film, if you're doing nothing?"

"I don't know if I ought," temporised Miss Pereira cautiously. "It's not as if we'd been properly introduced."

"Chance it, miss," urged Pybus gallantly. "Once in a lifetime won't hurt you."

"All right, I'll come," she yielded gracefully. "We go this way. There's always a 'comic' at the Alcazar, before the big picture." Unaffectedly she linked the grocer's arm.

The "comic" was in full blast as they stumbled through the darkness to seats in the back row. Demented motor-cars zigzagged hair-raisingly through traffic on the white, rectilinear streets of far-away Hollywood, missing telegraph poles and destruction by fractions of a millimetre. Pybus stowed his topee under the seat while Miss Pereira removed the wrapping from her box of chocolate with an ostentatious crackle. As the comedy came to an end, she slipped her cool fingers into the grocer's palm, and squirmed back in her seat with an anticipatory sigh.

"This will be the big picture," she announced contentedly, cramming two chocolate caramels into her mouth to sustain her through the impending thrills. It proved, however, to be merely news films from England, weeks old and stale. "Oah, those," she muttered in disappointment, and returned glumly to her chocolates.

Pybus was less blasé, for his last visit to a cinema had been months before, in Brisbane. Puffing at his pipe, he watched with mild interest while an old lady launched a destroyer at Barrow, followed by the Mayor of a seaside town inaugurating Rat Week with the

help of some Boy Scouts. Suddenly the orchestra accelerated hilariously, and burst with a flourish into "Phil the Fluter's Ball." On to the screen fluttered the caption: "Morris Dancing in the Meadows; Pottleworth, England, keeps up old Custom."

"Please, you're hurting me," gasped Miss Pereira, her thin fingers crushed into a painful bundle in the grocer's horny fist. Pybus took no notice; half-rising from his seat, he stared at the screen like a rabbit at a snake. Everyone he knew was there, hopping and capering before his eyes in the Five Acre field behind the Institute. Aggie Poddle, short of breath, and obviously perspiring, and her brother Joshua, furtively wiping his nose on his sleeve. In the foreground, cold, unmistakable, and twice as large as life, Consuelo Winterbotham outleapt them all. The Headmistress wore the proud, unbending expression of a Roman Senator, and it seemed

to the fascinated grocer that the eyes behind the glinting pince-nez were fixed upon himself alone, in icy accusation. Then the be-ribboned dancers faded out, and the orchestra merged skilfully into "Back to your Arms," the theme song of "Ghetto Rose."

"What's the matter with you?" snapped Miss Pereira, angrily jerking her hand away. "I wouldn't have come if I'd thought you'd behave like that!"

"My customers," gasped Pybus. "Miss Winterbotham . . . of course . . . Pottleworth . . . the shop . . ." he trailed off into silence, trembling violently. Miss Pereira maintained an inimical reserve.

"Excuse me, miss, I must get out of here," he burst out suddenly, and sidled wildly towards the gangway without waiting for a reply. There was a general cry of "Sssh" as he made his exit, mingled with some muffled profanity from an acting-major, whom dignity had forbidden to tuck in his feet unasked. When Miss Pereira

reached the street the grocer was already in a gharry, which lurched at a gallop in the direction of Kidderpore.

Twenty minutes later the gharry drew up in a narrow street, and the driver climbed down from the box. "Liverpool Billy there, sahib," he said, indicating an arched and gloomy entrance with his whip. Having received his fare, and bitten it, the gharry wallah gave his horse a handful of grass and squatted down on the ground, prepared for an extended vigil. On rare occasions passengers had been known to be quite generous after a session chez Billy.

The archway led into an oblong courtyard, surrounded by white, balconied houses. Here and there small fires glowed, and by their light Pybus made out the glistening bodies of natives reclining on string charpoys, puffing their green, funnel-shaped cigarettes. In the background thumped the inevitable tom-tom. As the grocer hesitated, looking this way and that for some sign of his shipmates, a voice hissed softly: "Sailor! Come here, sailor."

Four Japanese girls were sitting cross-legged on a low platform before a house, sewing placidly. They wore white cotton socks, with a separate pocket for the toe, and the national coiffure they affected made their heads seem immense and unnatural. In front of them stood a big red tin of tobacco, and a half-rolled cigarette twirled between the fingers of the girl who had hailed Pybus. "Liverpool Billy," asked the grocer, and she pointed to a far corner of the courtyard; her companions continued their needlework without looking up. This information was immediately confirmed by the voice of Old Dick quavering into song:

The next day the dustcart rolled into the cemetery,
Six jolly sailors with shovels stood by:

And they buried her deep where the rubbish was lying,
And each knew that his best courting days had gone by.

So play on your drums, and blow your fifes merrily,
Play the Dead March, it will do me no harm:

Get six jolly sailors to shovel sand over me,
I'm only an old hulk, and I know I've done wrong.

(To be continued)

USELESS EUSTACE



"Poor devil! And what takes the biscuit is, 'is ruddy name's Adolf!'"

WANGLING WORDS—277

1. Put dirt in SGED and make it smeared.
2. Rearrange the letters of MANY ROOTS to make a science.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: JAM into PIE, SERF into BOSS, EAR into LIP.
4. Fill in the blanks in the word C * * * E and make a word with two opposite meanings.

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 276

1. Rudyard Kipling.
2. H-or-net.
3. COOK, CORK, CORE, COKE, CAKE, BAKE, JACK, LACK, LACE, LANE, BANE, BALE, BALL, BILL, JILL.
4. EAR, TAR, TOR, TOO, TOE, DOE, DYE, EYE.
5. ReVeReNce.

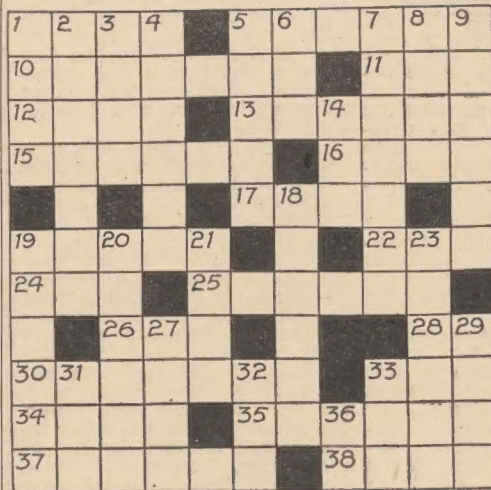
I climbed a hill as light fell short,
And rooks came home in scramble sort,
And filled the trees and flapped and fought
And sang themselves to sleep.

Ralph Hodgson.

So have I loitered my life away,
Reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays,
Hearing, thinking, writing on what pleased me best.
I have wanted only one thing to make me happy,
But wanting that have wanted everything.

Hazlitt.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

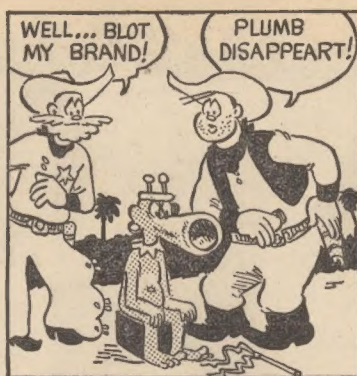
- 1 Shatter.
- 5 Hamper.
- 10 Big mollusc.
- 11 Adze.
- 12 Brawl.
- 13 Composite plant.
- 15 Crossed by wading.
- 16 Cereal.
- 17 Gape.
- 19 Indistinct.
- 22 Have the right to.
- 24 Limited.
- 25 Humbled.
- 26 Lodging house.
- 28 Scholar.
- 30 Considered.
- 33 Seed.
- 34 Crest.
- 35 Trees.
- 37 Aromatic herb.
- 38 Loose.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Remove.
- 2 Athletic performer.
- 3 Asterisk.
- 4 Tomboy.
- 5 Cabin.
- 6 Country's letters.
- 7 Equilibrium.
- 8 Egress.
- 9 Motive.
- 14 The way.
- 18 Suits.
- 19 Side of hog.
- 20 Languages.
- 21 Strong taste.
- 23 Regard with wonder.
- 27 Small lumps.
- 29 Recess.
- 31 Small ship.
- 32 Spring.
- 33 Through.
- 36 Supposing.

LEASE DINGO
OX ULTERIOR
CANDY COG A
AMID ERNEST
LIBERTY LIE
NN H V B
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TRAVEL SOLO
E SOB MADAM
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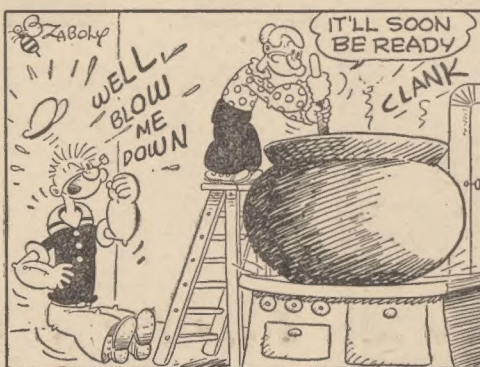
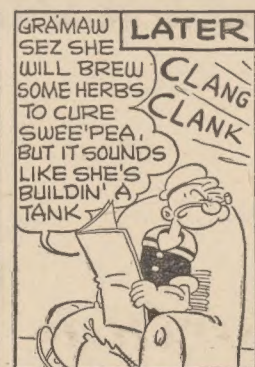
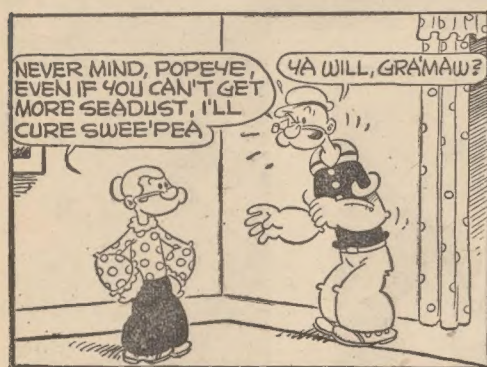
BEELZEBUB JONES



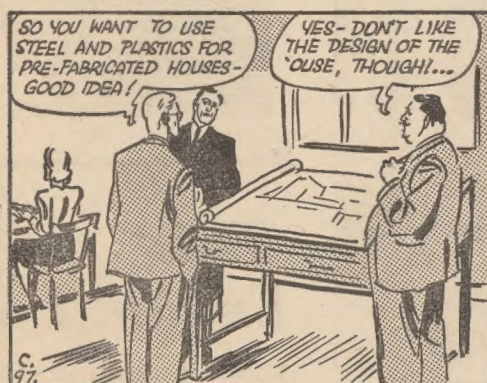
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



BEATING THE BOUNDS

HERE is pictured the only occasion in history when the Royal Navy has been bumped off without a fight. Indeed, Jack seems to like it!

It was a rear attack by the Law on Jack and his comrades. They were strolling innocently along a Plymstock lane when suddenly a voice shouted "Here, I want you, sailor." The next moment Jack found himself lifted into the air and brought down again with a posterior jar on Devon earth.

"You're beating the bounds," explained the Law, and then Jack saw the boundary stone.

Plymstock is the largest parish in England. It takes all day to do the round of the boundary stones, where victims are bumped to show any would-be delinquent that the Law, like the granite stone, is hard for the transgressor.

This annual ceremony at Plymstock is 500 years old. In other parts of the country the custom goes back to Anglo-Saxon days, and mention is made of it in the laws of Alfred the Aethelstan.

In Roman times, sports and dances were held at boundaries on the feast day of Terminus, the god of landmarks.



Perambulation of parish boundaries on Ascension Day or during Rogation Week served a practical purpose in the days when maps were rare.

The common practice of taking boys and bumping them was to ensure that witnesses to the boundaries would survive as long as possible.

Once upon a time it had a religious side. The term Rogation came into use through the accompanying clergy being supposed to beseech (rogare) the Divine blessing upon the parish lands for the ensuing harvest.

Queen Elizabeth stopped this, and beating the bounds became a secular function relating only to the marking of boundary lines.

But time marches on, and while traditional ceremonies survive, they do so in more up-to-date forms. Both at Brighton and at Hoddesden, Herts, they now beat the bounds by aeroplane!

J. S. NEWCOMBE.

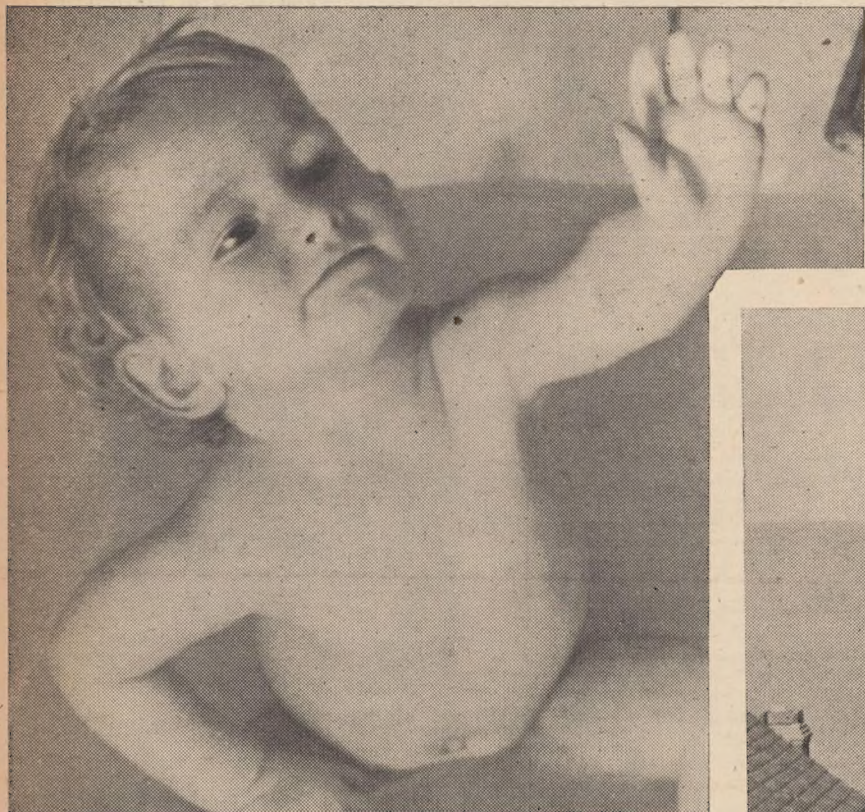
TWO MAN SUB—



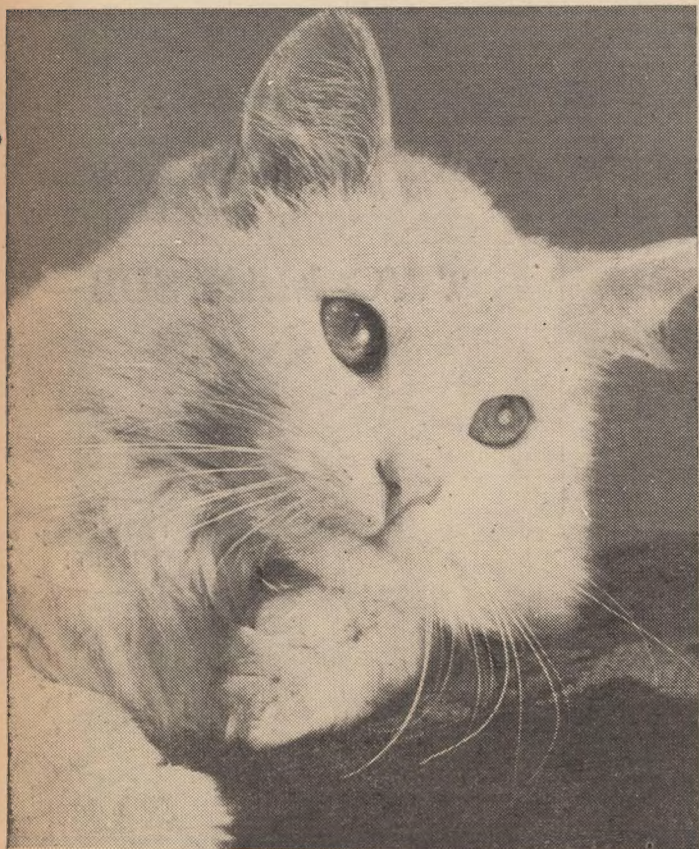
Good Morning



"Don't hold your head up like that, you conceited dope! You're just plain phoney."



"Pray, desist! My bath water is exactly five inches deep—is tepid—and will be left in the bath to be used in case of fire."



WHY WAS I BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?



★
ON THE ROCKS
But how pleasant along-
side Paramount's charm-
ing star, Dona Drake.
★



★ *This England*

Looking down to-
wards the sea at
Clovelly, N. Devon.
★

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"LAP-
dog
luck."